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Translated for this Journal.

The Life of Music,

From A. B. MARX's "Music of the Nineteenth Century."

[Continued from p. 130.]

In the completion of the life-circle just described we see again the necessity of a higher progress.

In the sense of tune (or sound modulated to the play of our own moods) the soul becomes conscious of its own tendency and of its relation to the outer world, but as yet vaguely and as it were encompassed by deep twilight, in an uncertain, wavering state, like the rudderless skiff abandoned to the play of waves and winds. Very justly, years since, has NÆGELI (in his too soon forgotten lectures upon Music) maintained that Music does not give, does not determine feelings, it dissolves them; he was right as regards the music of mere moods, the only music that he knew. For this indeed excites moods and thereby calls up definite feelings and conceptions; but it shifts and alternates, as it is the nature of moods, according to the degree of tension and direction, and its last result is that *chiaro-oscuro* again, which leaves all in question. In the same way HEGEL justly maintains: "The tone-realm has indeed a relation to the mind and a correspondence with its spiritual emotions; but it never really gets beyond a more and more vague sympathy." He too has had no conception of any other Tone-Art, than this which weaves continually amid moods.

Every observer must by his own reflection have gone farther, even if Art had not already made the necessary progress.

In this wavering twilight state the soul of man cannot find ultimate satisfaction; he must have turned from an Art that could not lead him farther. For all growth of consciousness is a pressing onward out of darkness and uncertainty into

light and distinctness; the infant at first distinguishes only light and darkness, then it recognizes forms as a whole; first it grasps with eager little hands whatever is presented to it, then it finds some things desirable, and despises other things. The mood is the general expression of the moment; the same mood persisted in becomes a fixed desire, and rises to a passion; the return of the same mood marks a determinate state of mind, becomes a trait of character. Describe the course of your moods fully and naturally to one who understands men, and you give him a conception of your state and nature,—he will unravel you. And upon this way, which his insight finds into your heart, the single moment itself, which at first seemed only a vague, wavering mood or vibration of the soul's chords, will gain a sharper, perhaps an entirely distinct significance.

Let us pause here upon this first point. Its traces appear early in the history of Art.

If the Oriental nations for thousands of years held firmly to their five-toned scale (f, g, a, e, d), while at the same time they knew the intermediate tones and used them in another connection (g, a, b (bb), d, e);—if the old Church scales or Modes (see my "Theory of Composition") drew around themselves such strict limits: what could have been the ground of this striking abstinence (which was not the humor of an individual, but the tendency of the whole age and of all the nations) unless it were the internal conviction, that precisely this circle of tones was the accurate expression of the enduring popular feeling, or of one of its predominant and oft-recurring moods,—in a word that its expression was characteristic? And this recognition was so certain, that even now, upon our present height of freest and all-sided command in the realm of tones, the power of that expression is preserved and frequently appears undesignedly. The Chorales of that age are still effective in their predetermined character; BEETHOVEN's Lydian song of thanksgiving (op. 132) found its peculiar expression in that scale; I too, in my hymns for six male voices, was led into the Mixo-Lydian and Phrygian Church Mode, and in the first aria of "Moses" quite unconsciously (for the historical precedent at that time was not entirely clear to me) into the primitive tone-sequence of the East; the middle age harmonies, too, in their mystical, now vanishing and now reappearing connection and strangeness have floated about LISZT's imagination in several of his *Harmonies Religieuses*.

If all this may be called mere echo of past times, we have, quite externally, and therefore all the more distinctly, a firm trace of progress even in those first works of Beethoven, in which he still moves in the path of his predecessors,

HAYDN and MOZART. Compare such works, for instance, as the C major, the D major, the B flat major, the F major Symphony, the Sonatas op. 10, 53, 106, with the like works of his predecessors: you find two deviations which cannot escape the most superficial observation. In the first place, the melodies with Beethoven have become larger; outwardly regarded, they are longer, and pursue more steadfastly one subject and direction; accordingly there are fewer of them than with Mozart especially, who is fond (as in his *Figaro* overture, the first sentences in his Symphony in C, and his Sonata in F in the first set) of stringing together two or three different sentences. And in the second place, the working up of the motives and the sentences is richer and at the same time more persistent; from which it follows naturally enough, that Beethoven in his finales (as it seems to me) frequently arrives too late at the conclusion. Whether this last remark be right or wrong, how much is said in all this? That Beethoven lingers longer with his passages; which is as much as to say, that he continues longer in the same mood; that this mood, which is so changeable with Mozart, has become with Beethoven a fixed, determined feeling. Haydn in this stands nearer to Beethoven than to Mozart, only that his subject-matter, especially in his symphonies, is by far more uniform,—the same childlike joy, jubilant and resounding like the people's song,—the same pleasant, lively satisfaction even in his tranquil moments, like an uninterrupted thanksgiving in a life so smooth and cheerful.

Here we must resume the thread of our investigation.

So soon as our Art has passed from the sphere of fluctuating moods into that higher sphere, where moods are firmly held and psychologically unfolded into true types of life and character, then has there dawned for it the day of higher truth and higher existence, the day of creation. For truth presupposes some determined course or tenor, which we would pursue and keep; each existence must separate itself from the universal and round itself off into an individual selfhood; creating is shaping, definite shaping, and not vague outpouring. The Middle Age with its ORLANDO LASSO, PALESTRINA, ALLEGRI, down to past the time of ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI into the old Italian opera, was only able to shape in respect to form; its counterpoints ran on as they were obliged to; its harmonies joined themselves to one another like crystal vessels merely to contain the consecrated word of divine service and hold it up before the congregation, like a pyx of silver sounds. Individual life, life of any peculiar and persistent tenor, only appeared in rare, brief moments,—for instance somewhat in that

Benedictus of GABRIELI, cited in my "Theory of Composition". Beyond the expression of single moods or moments the old Italian Opera and its twin-brother, the Oratorio, with its echoes in England (PURCELL) and in Germany (HASSE, GRAUN, NAUMANN) never go; nor does the German national lyric drama of REINHARDT and KEYSER, nor the French opera; HANDEL is the first who gives us more fixed types of character; and even he oscillates back quite frequently into the vague, into mere musico-crystalline formalism, where tone springs after tone and motives are spun out without any deeper necessity or meaning than to give freer, wider play to tones and voices.

No sooner does the thought become definite and characteristic, than the composer has revealed to him what there is characteristic in the musical intervals. It had existed naturally from forever, indeed it often presented itself in the most naive and striking manner in the people's songs; we meet it in the lays of the Minnesingers, in the German and Scandinavian national melodies, in the Church tunes, as that Phrygian one: *Aus tiefer Noth, in Ein fester Burg*, &c. Scattered everywhere, but nowhere more frequently than in those primitive Gaelic people's songs (which we owe to England) we find the tuneful vitality of the East, in which a whole family of nations have poured out their inmost experience, full of strife, of love, of sorrow and adventure. More conscious and more powerful is the striking significance of the intervals in Handel's songs, in those arias from "Semele" and "Saul", in the grand moments of his choruses, although the master in the tempest of his crowded life and in the hurry in which he composed his oratorios, often had to surrender himself to the traditional play of tones, to a conventional even if it were a grand manner. But no one, either before or since, has equalled SEBASTIAN BACH in the deep and truest apprehension of the characteristic. In the recitatives of his Matthew "Passion" there is absolutely not a tone set otherwise than in a pure and perfect truthfulness, according to the most precise and characteristic meaning of the intervals; we can almost say as much of many airs, of the Matthew choruses and of many others of his works; even in a portion of his piano and organ works we may trace this quality of truthfulness and significance, although here for the most part it is sometimes mere mood and sometimes mere tone-play that predominated.

It was under the control of this deep insight into the tone-life, it was in this master, that Harmony in all its rationality was developed in such richness, such logical consistency, and such significance as it has been the task of the theory of composition to make understood. Whatever has been discovered or created by later musicians, has necessarily—so far as it was not chance suggestion without consequences—conformed itself to that trait of profound truth and rationality, which was revealed and vouchsafed to the old master for his service to the Holy Scripture.

When the art of representing character had acquired power, it could now set up different characters, person against person, and illustrate the type of one through the countertype of another. The Middle Age had wrought in Counterpoint, because it had to do so; even PALESTRINA was unable to introduce dialogue into his lofty song otherwise than by two antiphonal choirs; nay

even in secular and stage representations, instead of the acting individuals, choruses responded to one another from behind the scenes; even HEINRICH SCHUETZ required a full chorus of voices for the words of Christ, who speaks to Paul in person as an individual man (or as the departed spirit of an individual). What was here a necessity of undeveloped Art, could now shape itself into real polyphony, into the placing of one voice against another, each of peculiar character and tenor.

We freely confess, that our Art is not capable of bringing a character, an object so distinctly and perfectly before the eye, as poetry and sculpture. But by way of compensation it has the advantage over the latter of the power of progressive development, and over the former of making several different and opposite characters speak at the same time. It may not name or divine who you are; but it brings before us all the stirrings of your soul, and makes them audible, and from them we feel and can divine who and how you are. And it places you among your equals and your adversaries, and brings you all before us, as you live and breathe and sound, so that we perceive the being and the nature of the one in that of the other in its fulness. It is a progressive monologue, full of colloquial, dialectic matter, two or more-sided, like the dialogues of Plato, but artistically treated with the advantage of really dramatic contrasts and antagonisms.

[To be continued.]

New Views of Opera.

[Extracts from *WAGNER'S "Opera and Drama,"* as translated by the *London Musical World*.]

V. "EMANCIPATION OF THE MASSES"—THE CHORUS.

Let us now consider in what the influence of the national element upon melody, and through the latter, upon opera, consisted.

The popular element has always been the fructifying source of all Art, as long as—free from all reflection—in its natural growth, it could raise itself to a work of Art. In society, as in Art, we have only been living on the people, without knowing it. When, at the greatest distance from the people, we held the fruit on which we existed, to be manna, falling just as it pleased Heaven, into the chops of us privileged persons, the elect of God, men of wealth, and geniuses. When we had, however, squandered away the manna, we cast a hungry look at the fruit trees upon earth, and, as robbers by the grace of God, with bold, robber-like consciousness, despoiled them of their fruit, perfectly indifferent as to whether we had planted or tended them; nay, more—we pulled up the trees themselves to the very roots, in order to see whether we could not render even the latter palatable, or, at any rate, fit to be swallowed. In this manner did we pillage the entire natural wood of the people, until we, at last, now stand, like them, naked, hungry beggars.

Thus, then, has operatic music, also, when it became conscious of its complete incapability of procreation, and the drying-up of all its genius, flung itself upon the people's song, which it has sucked dry to the very roots, the fibrous remains of which it now throws to the people as their wretched unhealthy food. But even operatic melody itself has no prospect of fresh nourishment; it has swallowed up every thing it could swallow up; without the possibility of fresh fructification, it is dying unfruitful; it is now gnawing itself with the agony of a ravenous person at the point of death, while German Art-critics call this repulsive self-devouring "a striving after higher characteristic," having previously baptized the act of overthrowing the pillaged fruit-trees the "Emancipation of the Masses"!

The operatic composer was unable to compre-

hend the true popular element; in order to be able to do this, it would have been necessary for him to have created in the spirit and according to the peculiar views of the people; that is, to have himself formed part of the people. He could only comprehend the *especial* element, in which the peculiarity of the popular element manifests itself, and this is the national element. The coloring of nationality, already completely obliterated among the higher classes, only existed in those portions of the people who, bound to the soil of the field, the river bank, or the valley, were restrained from all fructifying interchanges of their peculiarities. It was, therefore, only something that had become stiff and stereotyped that fell into the hands of the plunderers before mentioned. As every peculiarity, no matter of what kind, in the fashion of the various foreign national costumes, previously unnoticed, was employed in unnatural finery, so in opera, a number of separate traits, in melody and rhythm, detached from the life of obscure nationalities, were placed upon the piebald framework of worn-out, empty forms.

This mode of proceeding, however, necessarily exercised upon the bearing of this kind of opera an influence which we have now to consider more closely, an influence which consists in the change of the relative positions of the factors of the opera, and which, as we have already said, was received as the "Emancipation of the Masses."

Every artistic tendency approaches more nearly perfection in exactly the same degree that it gains the power of more solid, clearer and surer form. The people, who, in the beginning, utter their astonishment at the wide-working wonders of nature, in exclamations of lyrical feeling, poetically raise, in order to master the object that thus excites their astonishment, the wide-branching natural phenomenon into a god, and then the god into a hero. In this hero, as their own image, they recognize themselves, and celebrate his deeds in epic poetry, while they actually represent them in the drama. Stepping from out the chorus, the tragic hero of the Greeks looked back and said to it: "See, thus does a man really Act; what you celebrate in opinions and maxims, I place before you as indisputably true and necessary." Greek tragedy comprehended, in the chorus and the hero, the public and the work of Art; the latter was directly presented in tragedy, with the opinion on itself—as the poetical view of the matter—to the people, and the drama ripened as a work of Art exactly in the same proportion that the explanatory judgment of the chorus was so irrefutably expressed in the actions of the heroes themselves, that the chorus would step completely off the stage among the people themselves, and assist as vivifying and realizing participators of the action—as such. Shakespeare's tragedy most undoubtedly stands so far above that of the Greeks, inasmuch as it has completely overcome the necessity of the chorus to the artistic technical details. In Shakespeare, the chorus is merged in individuals participating in the action, and behaving as entirely in obedience to the same individual necessity of opinion and position as the principal hero himself, while even their apparent subordination within the artistic outline is only evident from their further points of contact with the principal hero, but not at all from any fundamental technical contempt for the secondary personages; for, in every case, the most subordinate character has to take part in the principal action, and expresses himself completely in accordance with his own characteristic, free mode of thinking.

That Shakespeare's decided and well defined characters have in the subsequent course of modern dramatic Art continued to lose more and more of their plastic individuality, and sunk to mere fixed dramatic masks without any individuality at all, is to be attributed to the influence of a State system arranging everything according to a settled order of rank, and oppressing more and more the right of free individuality with fatal violence. The phantasmagoria of such character-masks as these—inwardly hollow, and destitute of all individuality—was the dramatic basis of opera. The more unsubstantial the personages behind these masks, the better adapted were they considered for singing the operatic air. "Prince and

Princess"—such is the whole dramatic axis round which opera turned, and—when viewed in the light—still turns. Anything like an element of individuality could only be bestowed upon such operatic masks by outward touches, and, finally, it became necessary for the peculiar locality of the scene of action to supply the place of that which they had once for all inwardly lost. When composers had completely exhausted the productivity of their art, and been obliged to borrow local melody from the people, they ended by clutching at the entire locality itself: scenery, dresses, and that which had to fill them out, the accessories capable of movement—the *operatic chorus* became, at last, the principal thing—the opera itself, which was compelled to cast, from all sides, its flickering light upon "Prince and Princess" in order to preserve the unfortunate beings in their painted vocal existence.

Thus was the revolution of the drama fulfilled to its deadly disgrace; the individual characters to which the chorus of the people once raised itself by the aid of poetry, were hurried away in a stream of chequered, mass-like accessories, without a centre. We regard as such accessories the whole prodigious scenic apparatus, which cries to us, through machinery, painted linen and motley attire, as the voice of the chorus: "I am myself, and there is no opera without me!"

It is true that noble-minded artists had previously availed themselves of the national element as an ornament; but with them it could only exercise a sweet and charming spell in those cases where it was added as appropriate and requisite for a dramatic subject animated by characteristic action, and where it was introduced without any ostentation. How admirably could Mozart give a national coloring to his "Osmin," and his "Figaro," without seeking for it in Turkey or Spain, or even in books. But "Osmin" and "Figaro" were actual, individual characters, happily conceived by the poet; endowed by the musician with true expression, and not to be missed by any performer of sound feeling. The national additions of our modern operatic composers, however, are not employed upon such individualities, but intended to impart, in the first place, to something of itself completely without distinctive character a foundation in some way characteristic, for the purpose of animating and justifying an existence naturally indifferent and colorless. The point to which all sound popular element tends, the *purely human* characterizing principle, is, in our operas, altogether wasted, as a colorless insignificant mask for singers of airs, and this mask is only to be artificially animated by the reflection of the surrounding color, for which reason the color of the accessories is daubed on in the most glaring and conspicuous manner.

In order to animate the desolate stage around the singers of airs, the *people*, after having been robbed of their melody, were, at last, brought on the stage itself; of course, however, it could not be that people which discovered the melody in question, but the docile, well schooled *mass*, that marched up and down to the time of the operatic air. That people was not required, but the *mass*, that is to say, the material remains of the people, whose living spirit had been sucked dry. The mass-like chorus of our modern opera is nothing more than the scenery and machinery of the theatre endowed with the power of walking and singing—the dumb splendor of the *coulisses* changed into moving noise. The "Prince and Princess," with the best will in the world, had not anything else to say for themselves than their flourishing airs which had been heard a thousand times; at last, an attempt was made to vary the theme by causing the whole theatre, from the *coulisses* to the chorus, that had been increased a hundred fold, to sing the sad air with them, and that, too—the greater the effect to be produced—no longer in several parts, but in really tumultuous consonance. In the "Unison," at present become so celebrated, the true pith of the reason for the employment of masses is most evidently manifested, and, in the *operatic sense*, we hear most assuredly the masses "emancipated," when, in the most celebrated passages of the most celebrated operas, we hear them execute the old

worn-out air in hundred-voiced unisonance.—Thus it is, too, that our present system of State has emancipated the masses, when it makes them, in military uniform, march in battalions, wheel to the left and to the right, and shoulder and present arms; when Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* rise to the greatest height, we hear in it what we see in a battalion of the Prussian Guard. German writers call this—as we have already said—the emancipation of the masses.

Memoirs of Field.

John Field was born in England, about the year 1780, and had the good fortune to become a Piano-forte pupil of the great Clementi, whom he accompanied at various times to Paris, where his first performance as a solo player so delighted all the musical judges who were present, that they did not hesitate to indulge the hope of soon seeing him the first piano-forte player in the world. After Field had by incessant practice brought his mechanical powers to the highest degree of perfection, and had published in London several of his shorter compositions for the piano-forte, he accompanied his beloved master on the grand tour which the latter made in the year 1802, through France, Germany, and Russia. It was on Field's third visit to Paris, in company with Clementi, that his playing excited the most extraordinary attention; the perfect and incomparable manner in which he performed the celebrated Fugues of John Sebastian Bach, "and which in more recent times has delighted the best judges who have heard him," excited in an especial manner the astonishment of the Parisians. He himself was accustomed to maintain, that to play one of these pieces as it ought to be played, it was necessary to study it thoroughly one month, and to devote another to the practice of it. On their arrival at Vienna, where Field's performance was also exceedingly admired, Clementi advised his pupil to place himself under the celebrated Albrechtsberger, in order that he might become better acquainted with the contrapuntal branch of his art. Field readily consented; but when the time for Clementi's departure from Vienna, arrived, Field could not make up his mind to the separation, and prayed, with tears in his eyes, to be taken with him to St. Petersburg. His request was granted, and on their arrival in the golden city of the North, Clementi introduced his pupil to all his innumerable friends, whose astonishment at his admirable performance was unbounded. On Clementi's departure for the South, Field remained at St. Petersburg, where he was found on his master's return to that city, in somewhat less than a year afterwards, so honored and so esteemed, that he might very properly have been named the ideal of musical perfection of the Russians, and he enjoyed this distinction not unjustly. All unprejudiced musicians who heard him at that period, are unanimous in the opinion that he stood quite alone and unrivalled, and that his touch and tone were the most perfect that it is possible to conceive. His mode of holding his hands on the instrument was worthy of imitation; his fingers alone played, without any unnecessary movement of the hand and arm, each finger striking the key with such mechanical power and nicety, that he was enabled to produce the loudest as well as the softest tones, the shortest as well as the longest notes, in equal perfection, without the slightest visible effort. As he never sought to excite the astonishment of the uninitiated by apparent difficulties and unparalleled rapidity of execution, it may readily be conceived that he did not like to play upon instruments whose touch was so easy that their keys would move as it were with a breath. It is true there are those who maintain that it is necessary to make use of such instruments in bravura playing: this was not Field's style; yet so charming and so successful was he in the execution of the minutest passages, that even Hummel, in his best days, could only be pronounced second to him.

It can afford little satisfaction to learn that there have been those who have idly carped at his performance; this much, however, is certain, that all who have heard him, not excepting perhaps

these hypercritics, have been improved by it. But it requires perseverance, and more power than many will believe, to play in that elevated style which he has chosen—a style of which many give their opinion without in the slightest degree comprehending it. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if his compositions do not answer the expectations of all,—at least of all piano-forte players; for his wonderful and in some degree most lovely and dream-like trifles, require throughout a perfect and beautiful touch, a singing tone, and that delicate, decided, and often piquant expression so peculiar to the composer. His style of piano-forte playing has been compared to Catalani's style of singing; those who made the comparison, adjudging to Field the advantage of a still superior taste.

Under all the circumstances we have stated, one cannot be surprised to find that instruction by him was eagerly sought and most liberally rewarded. So little, however, did he contrive to become a rich man, that he is said on the contrary to have occasionally experienced the inconveniences resulting from an opposite condition of affairs. He was always a good-tempered, and somewhat child-like man, whom, notwithstanding, it would be great injustice to accuse of any deficiency of mind. But a certain, and far from common, personal indifference, was, however, peculiar to him, which though we may pardon it in so great an artist, occasioned him many annoyances.

In the year 1822, Field determined, on what grounds has never yet been rightly ascertained, to quit St. Petersburg, and take up his residence at Moscow. He is said to have alleged as a reason for doing so, that his art was more extensively patronized in the latter city, than it was at St. Petersburg. Whether it were so or not, to Moscow he went in 1822, and by his first public concert there, netted no less a sum than 6000 rubles; while his accession of pupils of both sexes was incredibly great. It became the fashion to be a scholar of Field's; and the consequence was, that parents brought their children to him from the most remote parts of the empire, that they might have it said of them, they had been taught by Field. Until at length he gave his lessons occasionally, while lying in his bed in an adjoining chamber.* From Moscow, Field took several journeys into Courland and Livonia, occasionally residing for some time in one or other of those countries. Journeys of greater extent he did not very readily undertake. He seemed quite unwilling to visit Germany, the very land of harmony. He knew his own weakness in this branch of music. While the natural fondness which we feel to the habits which we have contracted, and his enjoyment of the social life of Moscow, which had given him a slight fondness for the wine cup, are the causes chiefly to be blamed for his keeping himself so long secluded in the regions of the North.

At length, in the year 1829, he resolved to take a trip by water to London, a resolution which he, however, did not carry into effect until the year 1832. From London he proceeded to Paris, when some disappointment was expressed that his playing was no longer distinguished by the same power and beauty, for which it had formerly been so remarkable. In 1833, we find him in the south of France, on a grand professional tour, wandering from Toulouse towards the East, gathering fresh laurels in every city that he visited. In 1834 he left Geneva for Italy, where little was heard of him except at Milan. On his arrival at Naples, he was seized with a dangerous illness, which compelled him to remain there until the summer of 1835, during which time there is reason to fear he labored under many privations. He is said to have left Naples for Russia in the company of a Russian family.

Field was married some years in Russia to a French lady, from whom, however, he had long been separated. Like her husband, she too was a piano-forte player, and exhibited publicly at Kiew, with, it is said, very indifferent success.

* Chopin is said to have been his pupil at this time, but there must be some mistake in this statement, as Chopin, ardently as he desired it, had neither seen nor heard Field up to the year 1828 or 1829.

The following are regarded as the principal of Field's compositions: Three Sonatas for the piano-forte, dedicated to his master, Muzio Clementi. These were followed by some Rondos and Romances for that instrument; 'Deux airs en Rondeaux'; 'Variat. sur un air Russe, pour piano à 4 mains'; a waltz for four hands, which may also be styled a Rondo; 'Air du bon Roi Henry IV. avec accomp. de piano, varié'; (the text added to this piece contains the words with which the Emperor Alexander was greeted at the grand Opera, on the first taking of Paris, and also the text with which he was received in the Theatre at Russia on his return.) 'Chanson Russe, varié,' (seven variations in D minor.) His most celebrated works are, however, his 'Notturmo,' of which the first three appeared in 1816, the fourth and fifth shortly afterwards, and the last, after a long interval, in 1835. He has likewise written several concertos, of which the six first were played by him in 1820, and prepared for the press. The commencement of the seventh was likewise played by him at Moscow, in 1822, although it was only published for the first time in 1835.

[The above was written during the life-time of Field. He died in Russia, January 11th, 1837. Ed.]

A DEAD ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

O rose! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft nor sweet;
But pale, and hard, and dry as stubble-wheat,
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy title shame thee!

The breeze that used to blow thee,
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away
An odor up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now,—unsweetened would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flowers to burn,
If shining now,—with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grow incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now,—would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet,
Along thy leaf's pure edges, after heat,—
If lighting now,—would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now,—would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—
Lie still upon this heart,—which breaks below thee.

Everything in a Great Name.

BY F. LISZT.

When I was very young, I often amused myself with playing school-boy tricks, of which my auditors never failed to become the dupes. I would play the same piece, at one time as of Beethoven; at another as of Czerny; and lastly as my own. The occasion on which I passed myself off for the author, I received both protection and encouragement: "it really was not bad for my age." The day I played it under the name of Czerny, I was not listened to: but when I played it as being the composition of Beethoven, I made dead certain of the "bravos" of the whole assembly. The name of Beethoven brings to my recollection another incident, which confirms my notions of the artistical capacity of the dilettanti. You know that for several years, the band of the Conservatorio have undertaken to present the

public with his symphonies. Now his glory is consecrated: the most ignorant among the ignorant, shelter themselves behind his colossal name; and even envy herself, in her impotence, avails herself of it, as with a club, to crush all contemporary writers who appear to elevate themselves above their fellows. Wishing to carry out the idea of the Conservatorio, (very imperfectly, for sufficient time was not allowed me,) I this winter devoted several musical performances almost exclusively to the bringing forward duets, trios, and quintets of Beethoven. I made sure of being wearisome; but I was also sure that no one dare say so. There were really brilliant displays of enthusiasm: one might have easily been deceived, and thought that the crowd were subjugated by the power of genius; but at one of the last performances, an inversion in the order of the programme completely put an end to this error. Without any explanation, a trio of Pixis was played in the place of one by Beethoven. The "bravos" were more numerous, more brilliant than ever; and when the trio of Beethoven took the place assigned to that of Pixis, it was found to be cold, mediocre, and even tiresome; so much so, indeed, that many made their escape, pronouncing that it was a piece of impertinence in Monsieur Pixis to presume to be listened to by an audience that had assembled to admire the master-pieces of the great man. I am far from inferring by what I have just related, that they were wrong in applauding Pixis' trio; but even he himself could not but have received with a smile of pity the applause of a public capable of confounding two compositions and two styles so totally different; for, most assuredly, the persons who could fall into such a mistake, are wholly unfit to appreciate the real beauties in his works.

BERLIOZ'S "HAROLD" SYMPHONY.—Of this composition, on the occasion of its recent performance at the last concert of the New Philharmonic Society, Berlioz himself conducting, the London Times speaks as follows:

The symphony of M. Berlioz, which has already been heard at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, and at those of M. Julien, in Drury-lane Theatre, is, with all its inequalities, one of the best works of its composer, and, in spite of some occasionally over-fantastic instrumentation, a fine musical poem, full of variety and feeling, and throughout highly imaginative. The opening of the first movement, the March of Pilgrims, and the serenade of the Abruzzian Mountaineer, are replete with exquisite fancies, and decked out (the last two especially) with a richness and delicacy of orchestral coloring that alone would render them fascinating, had they no other attractions. The *finale*, in which the wandering Harold (Byron's hero) recalls the scenes supposed to be illustrated in the preceding movements, contains much that is striking and picturesque, although it may be suggested that the brigands and their obstreperous revels are brought forward somewhat too obtrusively in the foreground of the picture. The symphony was, on the whole, magnificently played. The character of Harold—which, as is well known, is musically represented by an *obligato* viola standing out prominently from the rest of the orchestra in every movement—is admirably conceived. On the present occasion it devolved upon Herr Ernst, who not only showed himself as great a master of the viola as of the violin, but gave to every passage an expression so poetical that the design of M. Berlioz was rendered as clear as in the hands of a less gifted executant it might have been left obscure. The loudest applause was bestowed upon every part of the work by the audience, who listened to it with profound attention from beginning to end.

ORIGIN OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.—I have before alluded to the strange and vain supposition, that the original conception of Gothic architecture had been derived from vegetation—from the symmetry of avenues, and the interlacing of branches. It is a supposition which never could

have existed for a moment in the mind of any person acquainted with early Gothic; but, however idle as a theory, it is most valuable as a testimony to the character of the perfected style. It is precisely because the reverse of this theory is the fact, because the Gothic did not arise out of, but developed itself into, a semblance to vegetation, that this resemblance is so instructive as an indication of the temper of the builders. It was no chance suggestion of the form of an arch from the bending of a bough, but a gradual and continual discovery of a beauty in natural forms which could be more and more perfectly transferred into those of stone, that influenced at once the heart of the people, and the form of the edifice. The Gothic architecture arose in massy and mountainous strength, axe-hewn, and iron-bound, block heaved upon block, by the monk's enthusiasm and the soldier's force; and cramped and stanchioned into such weight of grisly wall, as might bury the anchorite in darkness, and beat back the utmost storm of battle, suffering but by the same narrow crosslet the passing of the sunbeam, or of the arrow. Gradually, as that monkish enthusiasm became more thoughtful, and as the sound of war became more and more intermittent beyond the gates of the convent or the keep, the stony pillar grew slender, and the vaulted roof grew light, till they had wreathed themselves into the semblance of the summer wood at their fairest; and of the dead field flowers, long trodden down in blood, sweet monumental statues were set to bloom for ever beneath the porch of the temple, or the canopy of the tomb.—*Stones of Venice.*

Music Abroad.

Paris.

JULY 1.—*Les Vêpres Siciliennes* has been performed seven times, and great is the enthusiasm about—CRUVELL. ROGER, the best French tenor, has been re-engaged and is to take part in the new opera, *Santa Chiara*, by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Prince Albert's brother), which will be published towards the end of August. ROSSINI'S "William Tell" is in rehearsal at the Grand Opera, in which M. CHARLES WICARD will make his *début*. No means probably will be spared to make the revival of this masterpiece worthy of the Academy and of the jolly veteran composer, who may be seen sunning himself on the Boulevards every pleasant afternoon. At the Théâtre Lyrique, AUBER'S *Sirène* has been brought out, with three new performers:—Mlle. PANNETRAT, M. DULAURENS and M. PRILLEUX. All the theatres and operas are overflowing nightly during the World's Exposition and under favor of fine weather. M. BERLIOZ has hastened home from London to be one of the judges of the musical instruments. The Conservatoire has been performing the *Armida* of GLUCK; the choruses electrified the public. We extract the following from the Paris correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin:

Next to the military, or rather as part of them, the military bands deserve notice. At least two of them play every evening, in the garden of the Palais Royal, or the Tuileries, or the Place Vendôme, before the superb Napoleon column made of the guns taken in his victories. There is always an audience of several thousands, among whom the most perfect order is observed, and every one tries to hear the music without disturbing his neighbor. Those bands that I have heard, number about fifty men each; one was entirely of brass instruments, while in the other was a proper proportion of wood.—The drums are generally in the hands of boys. The tunes are chiefly selections from popular operas, and as every Frenchman is familiar with and interested in the last new opera brought out at the Imperial Opera or Opera Comique, you are almost sure to hear extracts from Meyerbeer's or Auber's or Verdi's latest work played by the military bands.

It has required some exercise of courage to go to the theatre during the hot weather that has prevailed, but I have ventured once to the Opera Comique and twice to the Grand Opera. At the first I heard Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, on its 118th representation—a fine work, but rather heavy for a comic opera, and striking me as even more labored than its predecessors. It was admirably sung and acted by Mme. UGALDE, M. BATAILLE, M. MOCKER and others, and the *ensemble*, as in all French theatres, was excellent. At the Grand Opera I have heard Verdi's first French opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, a single hearing of which impressed me favorably, and leads me to think it the best written, though perhaps not

the most interesting, of its writer's compositions. Mlle. CRUVELLI was the prima donna, a young, fine looking woman, with a fresh, exuberant voice, which she uses with great skill, but not always with equal care, depending for effect on occasional *tours de force*, and then relapsing into an indifference of manner in singing as well as acting. M. GUYMARD was the tenor, and the other singers I have forgotten, but they were not so good as we have often heard in America. The *Prophète* has been brought out at the same theatre, for the re-appearance of Mlle. ALBONI, and I heard her sing the music of Fides in an incomparably beautiful style. She is as lazy and inattentive as ever in her appearance, and, if possible, fatter. M. ROGER played the part of John of Leyden, and as it was written for him, and he has done it a couple of hundred times, he did it well. He is a handsome little fellow, with a strong and good tenor voice, but not equal to either MARIO or SALVI, though the French regard him as the best of living tenors. The perfection of the scenic effects at the Grand Opera has often been spoken of, and certainly nothing could surpass the style in which the *Vesper Siciliennes* and the *Prophète* were brought out. The orchestra numbered about seventy, the chorus and supernumeraries over one hundred, and the corps de ballet as many as fifty at least. All of them, too, were admirable in every respect. The theatre is neither so large nor so magnificent as the New York opera house, but the performances in it are much finer.

London.

WAGNER AND BERLIOZ having departed, and Philharmonic Concerts, New and Old, being at an end, the lion of the day is MEYERBEER, who is superintending the rehearsals of his *Etoile du Nord*, with the coöperation of COSTA, at the Royal Italian Theatre. It is said the *mise-en-scène* will be on a scale of magnificence to rival that of CHARLES KEAN'S "Henry VIII." at the Princess's Theatre. Mlle. BOSIO (who is reported to have separated from her Greek husband) is to be Catharine, the heroine of the piece; FORMES will be Peter; and GARDONI, LABACHE, LUCHEST and Mme. MARAT fill the other parts. Meyerbeer is delighted with the zeal of them all; and the *Musical World* boasts that when he comes to hear the orchestra he will say there is no need for forty rehearsals. However it may be in Paris; for "our fiddlers are better readers at sight than their confreres on the other side of the channel, and have better instruments."

The operas performed at the Royal Italian during the first week of July, were *La Favorita*, *Les Huguenots*, *Lucrezia Borgia* and one act of *Il Barbiere* (without MARIO), *Don Pasquale* and *La Vivandière*. The *Trova-tore* was withdrawn the week before, when Mlle. JENNY NEY made her last appearance.

Mrs. LUCY EASTCOTT recently appeared at Drury Lane in Rossini's *Donna del Lago*. The *Daily News* thus notices the debut:

Mrs. Lucy Eastcott, who performed the part of Elena, is an American lady whose recent successes at several of the principal theatres in Italy have been much spoken of. Her appearance is youthful and pleasing. Her figure is small and somewhat slight, but very elegant; her features are very delicate and feminine, and her voice, a high soprano, is remarkably clear and flexible, with that vibrating quality which conduces greatly to expression. Her intonation is beautifully true, and her execution and style are those of a highly accomplished artist. The manner in which she sang her first air, *O matutini orbis*, charmed the audience at once; and her whole performance, full of refinement, spirit and sensibility, was a continued triumph.

CONCERTS. Mrs. ANDERSON, pianist to Her Majesty, gave a concert at the Royal Italian Opera, assisted by the whole vocal and instrumental force of the establishment, including GRISI and MARIO, CLARA NOVELLO, BOSIO, VIARDOT, TAMBERLIK, LABACHE, &c. &c.; BERLIOZ conducting. Mr. ALFRED MELLON'S Orchestral Union gave their third and last concert, assisted by Mlle. KRALL, and Signor BIANCHI, vocalists; M. ALEXANDER BILLET, pianist, SAINTON, violinist, and BOTTESINI. Symphonies by Haydn and Mendelssohn, and a concerto by Mozart, were among the selections. Two youthful prodigies, pianists, have been giving concerts, namely, Master WERNER, and Master ARTHUR NAPOLEON, styled "the celebrated Portuguese pianist." Both were much admired. The latter played Mendelssohn's *Anulante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, Thalberg's *Moise* fantasia, Beethoven's *Pastoral Sonata*, Schulhoff's "Carnival," and other difficult pieces.

The one hundred and thirty-second meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen in the three dioceses, will be held in Hereford, on Tuesday, August the 21st.

The principal vocal performers are to be Madame

Grisi, Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, Miss Moss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Mario, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. H. Barnby, and Mr. Weiss.

The solo instrumentalists are Mr. Amott (organ), Mr. Done and Master Napoleon (pianoforte), and Mr. H. Blagrove (concertina) Mr. Townshend Smith, as usual, at Hereford is to be the conductor. A numerous orchestra has been provided, and the chorus has been selected from the three cathedral choirs and from the choral societies of Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, and Liverpool.

The Festival begins as usual with full musical service in the cathedral, including Spohr's overture to *The Last Judgment*, followed by *Preces*, *Responses* and Chant to "Venite," by Tallis, and Psalms by Mr. Townshend Smith. The Dettingen "Te Deum" of Händel will then be sung, as well as a "Jubilate," composed for this festival by Mr. G. Townshend Smith. Haydn's chorus, "The Heavens are telling," is to follow the third collect. Before the sermon, Mendelssohn's 98th Psalm, for eight voices, and after it, Beethoven's "Hallelujah Chorus," from *The Mount of Olives*.

The morning of Wednesday is devoted to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. On Thursday, the same composer's *Hymn of Praise* will form the first part, and the second part consist of an overture by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., *The Christian's Prayer* of Spohr, Luther's Hymn, sung by Mme. Clara Novello and Chorus, Händel's air, "Sound an alarm" (*Judas Macabæus*), by Mr. Sims Reeves and Chorus, and Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*. On Friday, *The Messiah*, in accordance with ancient conventionality.

Every evening, as usual, a miscellaneous concert is to take place at the Shire Hall; and after the concert on Wednesday evening, there will be a ball, which will no doubt add considerably to the funds.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN CHORAL SOCIETY.—On Saturday, the 31th June, a performance of sacred music was given by this association, in order to celebrate the completion of the new Bell Tower, which has been erected at the cost of £3,000 by the Primate of Ireland. Notices and sketches of this edifice have appeared in the *Builer* and *Illustrated London News*; it is of granite and Portland stone, and is about ninety feet in height. The first part of the concert consisted of various selections, some having reference to the bell and its offices, in summoning to prayer or study, or tolling the knell of the dead. The second part consisted of a cantata written by J. F. Waller, Doctor of Laws in the College, and set to music by Dr. Steward, the conductor of the Society; this, which occupied forty minutes in performance, is a composition of considerable pretension, including tenors, solos, with chorus, symphonies for instruments, a soprano solo, and two choral fugues, one of which, that at the conclusion, is very elaborately wrought and effective. At one part of the cantata, at the lines—

"To Jehovah's praise,
Be the first notes rung,
From its iron tongue."

The bell was tolled eight times; the communication between the new tower and the hall where the music was performed being effected through the agency of an electric apparatus placed in the orchestra, and connected with wires of some hundred yards in length, which were carried across two of the quadrangles, the windows of the hall being opened to admit of the sounds being heard. The whole performance was most satisfactory, and the poet and composer of the cantata were complimented by the persons of distinction connected with the College.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We trust the interesting sketch of the life of JOHN FIELD, the pianist and composer, which we have copied this week, will lead some of our students of the piano to seek acquaintance with his six beautiful *Nocturnes*, of which Mr. RICHARDSON, at his Musical Exchange, has recently published a very neat edition. When it is known that these first set the model of that form of composition, afterwards followed by CHOPIN, KALKBRENNER and others of the new pianists, they will be studied with peculiar interest. ROBERT SCHUMANN speaks of the *Nocturnes* of Field and Chopin as "ideals of their kind;" and in noticing the appearance of the three last of the six here referred to, says: "One feels as if, after an adventurous tour through the world, and after a thousand perils by sea and land, he had at last got back to the ancestral house; everything looks so safe and in the old spot, and the tears might almost start into one's eyes." In another place, speaking of Field's seventh Concerto, he writes: "I am all full of him, and know of nothing rational to say of him, except infinite praise."

We see it stated that Mr. G. A. MACFARREN has been engaged by the Birmingham Festival Committee, to write, in the *Birmingham Journal*, analyses of the chief classical works to be performed, "with the purpose of strengthening the idea, in all intelligent minds, of the great artistic, moral and national value of this very important musical occasion." Such analyses by competent persons, we should think, would add much to the interest and efficacy of all occasions at which great musical compositions are performed. Another novelty promised for the Birmingham Festival is a *finale*, composed by PRINCE ALBERT, called, '*L'Invocazione dell'Armonia*.' The Prince Consort figured as a composer at the same festival in 1852.

The *Musical World* seems to be made as happy by the presence of MEYERBEER in London, as it was cross by that of WAGNER. For instance: "Judging from the manner in which he is fêted and received in all quarters, the composer of the *Huguenots* will not find cause to regret his visit to the metropolis of Great Britain, after an interval of three and twenty years. In all places, high and low, wherever music is loved, Meyerbeer is honored and fêted. From the palaces of Princes, Ministers, and Ambassadors, to the concert rooms of Exeter and St. Martin's Halls, there is a general demand for his society. He must eat everyone's dinner, and hear everyone's concert. So that, what with his daily occupations at the theatre during rehearsals, and his numerous engagements, morning and evening, Meyerbeer must have his hands full, and very few minutes to spare. Nevertheless, at 7 A.M., day after day—those who get up soon enough, and have the wish, may see the celebrated musician taking his "constitutional" walk in Hyde Park, some hours before breakfast. It is at this early period of the day that he composes—like Auber, on horseback, in the Champs-Élysées, and Spohr, in his garden, at Hesse-Cassel."

Miss ELISE HENSLEY'S concert at Nahant, last Saturday evening, is said to have been eminently successful. All the summer residents were present, as well as a large representation from the city, filling the large dining hall of Mr. Stevens's hotel. Every body was delighted with the singing of the two sisters, and there seems to have been quite a rivalry of opinions between the finished art of the older and the freshness of the younger voice. Much is said of the beauty of the steamer trip by moonlight, though to our grosser apprehension here an east wind fog and even rain prevailed. Perhaps those who had faith and went, saw otherwise; Diana deigned to smile on them; and if not Diana, at all events the Muse of Song rewarded them. Mr. HARRISON MILLARD gave a *Matinée* of vocal and instrumental music at Newport, on Tuesday, assisted by OTTO DRESEL, and Mr. TRENKLE, pianists, and by Messrs. BERGMANN and MEISEL, of the Germanians. All the artists were warmly applauded. Among the listeners were Mme. LAGRANGE, Signor MORELLI, AMODIO, &c.

Our Worcester friends have had another treat in the shape of a *Soirée* of choice and classical music, by their townsman Mr. B. D. ALLEN. The programme included Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, for four hands, played by Miss BACON and Mr. ALLEN; "If with all your hearts," from "Elijah," sung by Mr. STOCKING; Beethoven's Sonata in C, op. 2, by Miss Bacon; Duet: *La ci darem*, Miss FISKE and Mr. Stocking; Andante and Variations by Schumann, for two pianos, Miss Bacon and Mr. Allen; "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Miss Fiske; a string of piano solos, namely, a prelude and waltz by Chopin, and song without words by Mendelssohn, played by Mr. Allen; and finally selections from Haydn's "Creation;" *On mighty pens*, and, *On thee each living soul*, sung by Miss Fiske, and Messrs. Stocking and A. S. Allen. A very admirable pro-

gramme that for the "rural districts!" They deserve praise who inculcate such lessons of sound musical taste in "the heart of our old Commonwealth." We are told, too, upon good authority, that the performances were worthy of the high character of the music.

Amid the triumphs of our HENSLEY and our other native *prime donne* and *tenori*, who have been studying in Italy, we have wondered (as have many of our readers, doubtless) at the silence of the press about our fair Boston contralto, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. It is a long time since we have heard even of her whereabouts. In Milan for some time she had to contend against intrigues of rivals and the clamorous Verdi passion of "young Italy," demanding everywhere high voices. This interfered with prosperous engagements; yet wherever she was heard, her voice, style and dramatic talent won decided favor. We have just received from a friend some cuttings from Italian newspapers, which show that she is still winning laurels in that land of song, despite the tyranny of new fashions. The first is dated Rovereto, May 4, and tells how a large audience in spite of bad weather, attended "the benefit of the *primo contralto assoluto*, Signorina A. Phillips." She introduced into her part in the first act of *Il Crociato*, "which was executed throughout with the greatest precision," the scena and cavatina of Arsace from *Semiramide*, and in the last act of *Romeo and Gialietto*, some variations on the theme: *La Biondina in gondola*. "The perfect intonation, the robustness and extent of voice, united to a rare sweetness, with which she executed these pieces, leave all encomium behind, and the reiterated plaudits and callings before the curtain, from the beginning to the end of the play, were a serious proof of the ample satisfaction of the public." The same article expresses great hopes of her performance in *Il Giuramento*, in which she was to appear with Signora DONATI. The same paper, *La Fama*, of June 4, alludes again to the benefit as the most successful night of the season, and speaks of the flowers and poetic tributes thrown to her; among the latter was the following sonnet in her praise, which we will not attempt to translate, but offer in the original for those who read the Italian:

ALL' ESIMIA CANTANTE, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, PRIMA DONNA CONTRALTO AL TEATRO SOCIALE DI ROVERETO, NELLA SUA SERATA DI BENEFICIO.

Sonetto.

Adelaide, tu canti! — E i mesti detti,
Che l'angoscia d'amor strappa a Elmireno,
Eco destan gentile in ogni seno,
Ricordo forse dei perduti affetti.

Adelaide, deh canta! — Benedetti
Sono i soavi tuoi concenti... Meno
Non verrà bella fama, e ognor sereno
Tu a te stessa così avvenir prometti.

Canta, Adelaide! — Chè un' ebbrezza pia
La grazia dell'accento al cor apprende...
E son gemelle, il sai, beltà e armonia.

Canta! — Chè il canto più sentiti rende
Gioia, amore, dolor, malinconia
In chi del canto la virtù comprende.

La Presidenza del Teatro.

OULIBICHEFF, the Russian biographer of Mozart, whose admirable writings about that master and about music generally were first introduced to English readers through our columns, is about to publish a work entitled "Beethoven and his Commentators". He was too completely swallowed up in Mozart, when he wrote of him, to be able to appreciate the Symphonies and Quartets of Beethoven. But no one who has read the former work can doubt the deeply appreciative musical nature of the man; and now that he has been concentrating his attention upon Beethoven, we shall be much disappointed if he does not show some signs of progress and do more justice to the great modern master.

MISS LOUISA PYNE is still warbling to delighted crowds at Niblo's Garden. *Fra Diavolo* was among the last operas announced. . . . It is rumored that BALFE, the English, or rather Irish opera composer, is to preside over a series of operas at the Academy in October.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 4, 1855.

Our Music Table.

There still remains a fearful pile of new or recent musical publications before us, to be disposed of. To review them all, in any true sense of the word, were quite impossible; and so they grow and grow, a frowning night-mare wall about the poor reviewer, if he own the obligation to speak either well or ill of every thing that he has sent to him. Verily it was not a bad device, into which we were forced by sheer necessity last week, for extricating ourselves from such a quandary. The gentlest animal, when fairly cornered, turns upon his pursuers and shows fight. So we, dropping the apologetic, assume the opposite tone. Instead of offering excuses to the publishers for not helping to immortalize their works, we think it wiser to assume, (what there can be no reasonable doubt of), that the main mass of musical publications in this country is as surely doomed to oblivion, as was Don Quixote's library to the flames, and it is enough for us, as for the curate and the barber then, to call upon each, as it goes out of the window, to show cause, if it can, why it should be saved. We generously interpose this our net or sieve to catch whatever pearls there may be, lest they run through with the sand.— But dropping metaphor, let us to our task again for an hour or two and see what we can rescue.

1. Here, at the outset, we have something really worthy of the attention of our amateur pianists: "25 *Etudes, introductory to the art of Phrasing*, by STEPHEN HELLER. Op. 45. (G. P. Reed & Co., publishers). The first Book, or half of these is now before us. The two Books form the third number in the "Complete Series of Studies by Stephen Heller," to be issued by the same publishers, classed in the order of their difficulty, as follows: No. 1, Op. 47. "25 Studies for improving the sense of Rhythm and Expression;" No. 2, Op. 46. "30 Progressive Studies;" No. 4, "The Art of Phrasing." The fourteen little pieces now before us are marked by the elegance, geniality, poetic feeling, and clearness of form, characteristic of all Heller's compositions. They are less difficult than the generality of his "Preludes," which we have noticed during the year past. Each is a complete expression of a simple musical thought, in which the idea and form, the melody and harmony seem to have had birth at once, in one act of inspiration. There is great variety among them, while the same quiet, delicate artistic spirit pervades them all. Some of them fasten themselves upon the memory like "Songs without Words."

2. From the same publishers we have a third Book of the "Fifty Studies," by CARL CZERNY," mentioned in our last. These are technical, working studies, in the literal sense of the word, and not tone-poems, like the above by Heller. Yet, as we said before, they are by no means uninteresting. There is some beauty in the drill. This

set affords exercises in "Rapid minor scales"; in "crossing hands, quietly and softly"; in "extensions"; in "double octaves"; in "equal movement of both hands"; in "the Trill"; in "light touch with the fingers of the left hand"; and in placing "the thumb on the black keys with a perfectly quiet position of the hand."

3. "Tone-Blossoms", six characteristic pieces for the piano, by F. SPINDLER. Op. 43. (G. P. Reed & Co.) We have here No. 2. "Forget me Not", and No. 3, "Nosegay of Violets", both very pleasing, naïve little pieces, graceful in form and refined in sentiment, and not at all difficult.

4. "Musical Flowers—Six Rondos and Variations upon favorite themes," by C. T. BRUNNER, Op. 70. If the last-named "blossoms" were wild-flowers (which we dare not affirm), these are flowers transplanted and artificially developed. They are themes from operas, treated after the conventional pattern, with introductions and variations; but very simple of their kind. We have before us No. 2, from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and No. 4, from *Belisario*. The variations are clever and afford good finger exercise.

5. "The Vocalist's Companion", by EDWARD B. OLIVER; pp. 17. (Oliver Ditson). Here are "exercises for developing, strengthening and equalizing the voice, designed as introductory to and to be used in connection with the solfeggio exercises of Panzeron, Crivelli, Lablache and others." The author or editor has shown his intelligent comprehension of a music-teacher's task in a little book, to which we sometime since called attention: "The Practical Text-Book for the Piano." The exercises and instructions here bear the same marks of thoughtful experience and sound judgment.

6. Here we have a gay pictorial crew; the colored vignettes on the outside are so dazzling that it is enough to look at them, without examining the music. These are pieces (says the curate) got up for the glorification of publishers and of the glorious system of "reduced prices," which has been trying to make such a stir in the newspapers, and not for any really musical end. Here for instance is the "Sparkling Polka," by THOMAS BAKER; sparkling enough, no doubt, for he is a clever musician; but the main thing about it is the splendid view upon the title page of the interior of the publisher's great piano and music establishment, (Horace Waters, New York), where you can see all the fashionable butterfly dresses of Broadway eagerly swarming around the polished squares and grands, and waited on by the politest clerks. Here is another, that counts upon large sales by flattering political party feelings. It is a song called "Sam," and the likeness of the individual meets you in the frontpiece; a dashing, fancy boy, with curling hair and smooth, aristocratic face who looks as if he never did any work, but made it a business to sit there looking fiercely patriotic, with a very *Noli me tangere* expression about the eyes, more in harmony with the stripes and stars and guns above his head, than with his own soft rosy face and dandy air. It matters little what the music is, since "Sam" is anything but musical; yet if he would follow the advice of *Putnam's Magazine*, and, learning a lesson from the German Song Unions, resolve his numerous clubs and lodges into singing societies, he might possibly be the source of some good to his country. Here is another of the same sort, called "Our Boys," a Ballad, for solo and chorus; and

"Our Girls" is promised. Away with such trash to the ——— Know-Nothings! "Or rather," interposes the barber, "let me have them for the pictures; they will do well to ornament my shop, where they will both entertain my customers and advertise and glorify the publishers."

7. But here are more sober and substantial looking things from the same house, (Horace Waters, 333 Broadway). 1. "Gems of Sacred Song", selected and arranged by T. BAKER, including in numbers: "Come unto me", by DAVIS; "Angels ever bright and fair", by HANDEL, &c., &c. 2. A clever ballad by J. L. HATTON who always writes cleverly: "Good bye, sweet heart. 3. "Le Sourire" (The Smile), a graceful, flowing, placid *Reverie* for the piano, by CHARLES VOSS, one of the cleverer *Dii minores* of modern German pianism. 4. "Etude Mazurke", by TALEXY, a pretty enough Mazurka, with *prestissimo* introduction, and wrought up with considerable *bravura*. These can do no harm. But BALFE's woful ballad: "The Heart bowed down" (as if everybody did not know it well enough already to their cost!) belongs plainly to the mechanical-sentimental school:—one of those melodies, which always seem as if they had been ground out of a hand organ in the first instance. And as for "Let us alone", a ballad by H. C. WATSON, shall we not take it at its word? (We forgot to say that Messrs. Petridge & Co. are agents in this city for the numerous cheap publications of Horace Waters). Here endeth the second lesson.

Schumann and Rubinstein—Alfred Jaell in Frankfort.

From the Journal of Frankfort we translate the following account of one of JAEEL's concerts in that city. From the comparison it draws between the compositions of SCHUMANN and the new virtuoso RUBINSTEIN, it should interest those who watch the tendencies of modern German music, while their interpreter on that occasion has many friends here who will be pleased to read all that is said of his performance.

"The Concert began with ROBERT SCHUMANN's great D minor Sonata (op. 121) for violin and piano. We do not belong to the especial admirers of this composer. From the most of his works there speaks more or less a sickliness or unnaturalness, which is not quickening, since it runs decidedly counter to the chief end of all true music, which is to elevate, to make glad the soul. Nevertheless Schumann is a great talent, a highly cultivated musician, and could not fail to achieve something excellent in his way. This excellence we have to seek, to be sure, less in the total effect of his pieces, than in their details; for his works, especially his larger ones, are wanting above all things in internal harmony (?). And so it is too with this Sonata, of which the first and last movements sound partly tedious, partly ungracious, whereas almost the entire Andante and the Scherzo are not only very interesting, but very pleasing. A frequent and unbiassed listener to such music, finds more and more in it that is valuable; there are in fact no readily digestible common-places. If any one has the power to make the most of Schumann's piano works, it is Herr JAEEL, with the fullness of his artistic means; and their genial application in this instance left nothing to be desired. Herr ELIASON (violin) seconded him with fervor and with taste.

"Let us turn now from the alpha to the omega of the Concert: to the G minor Trio, for piano, violin and violoncello (op. 15), by RUBINSTEIN. Schumann and Rubinstein follow pretty much the same direction: both seek out new paths; and yet their music is as different as their ages. Schumann is ripe, Rubinstein is yet budding. With Schumann there is more of gloom and misery, with Rubinstein more of vivacity and cheerfulness; with the one it is a deep, dull glow, with the other a bright fire; with the one a sickly excitement, with the other a gushing overfulness of health; the former paints in autumnal grey, the latter in fresh spring green. But enough of such always lame comparison! In this Trio the young virtuoso and composer shows himself in a very advantageous light. Talent and knowledge go hand in hand. To be sure the full cup foams over here and there; but the new, fermenting firewine will at length grow clear and quiet and refresh even those who have been partial to the moss of centuries. The brilliant work is grandly laid out and carried through ingeniously; only too much is sacrificed to effect. The first movement, as the most important, ought to stand at the end; the Andante is graceful and original; the Scherzo a perfect master piece, so full of life and inspiration, as if it came at one gush, that it takes both artists and laity by storm. The work reaped rich applause, but unfortunately it can only become familiar in a few places, since the very predominating piano-forte part can only be mastered by a pianist of the first ability. Yet JAEEL rose above its gigantic difficulties, and presented his part as calmly and clearly as if it had been a Sonata of Mozart. Herr ELIASON and Herr SIEDENTOPF also made themselves easily at home in the strange style.

"Among the *ensemble* pieces we may mention an Andante and Variations, for two pianos, by Schumann, which are distinguished by a beautiful principle theme. Messrs. ROSENHAIN and JAEEL played with excellent mutual understanding on two fine Mozart *flügels*. Fräulein ELISE SCHMITT shone in the singing of Schubert's "Wanderer" and Lindblad's *Auf dem Berge*, tastefully accompanied by Jaell.

"All the rest were solo pieces for the piano, in which Herr Jaell found opportunity to show his eminent virtuosity on all sides, especially in his extremely clever and brilliantly wrought paraphrase on themes from *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, which was followed by applause and callings out, as if they would have no end, which moved him to volunteer a transcription of his own upon an English ballad. If the audience were carried away by the grandeur of his *bravura* in the paraphrase, they were quite as much so this time by his unsurpassable trill, which hovered for ten minutes long, in every possible shading, without interruption, over the whole charming piece. Quite original seemed the coupling of a very worthy Prelude of Chopin with Bach's precious C minor Fugue. The rendering was as noble as the effect was satisfactory. Great applause also followed his transcription of 'Lohengrin's reproof to Elsa,' and his 'Italian Serenade,' which breathes a southern charm and glow."

The piece ends quite rhapsodically, pronouncing Jaell's execution above all praise. Does it not recall many a scene in our own concert rooms?

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